

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University

Ohio State Engineer

Title: Cranks and Countershafts

Issue Date: Jan-1934

Publisher: Ohio State University, College of Engineering

Citation: Ohio State Engineer, vol. 17, no. 3 (January, 1934), 20.

URI: <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/35104>

Appears in Collections: [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 17, no. 3 \(January, 1934\)](#)

Cranks and Countershafts

The 23rd Psalm to an Engineer's Sweetheart

Verily, I say unto you, marry not an engineer,
For an engineer is a strange being, and is possessed of many evils.

Yea, he speaketh eternally in parables which he calleth formulae,

And he wieldeth a big stick which he calleth a slide-rule,

And he hath only one bible, a handbook.

He thinketh only of stresses and strain, and without end of thermodynamics.

He showeth always a serious aspect, and seemeth not to know how to smile, and he picketh his seat in a car by the springs therein and not by the damsel.

Neither does he know a waterfall except by its horse-power, nor a sunset except that he must turn on the lights, nor a damsel except by her live weight.

Always he carrieth his books with him, and he entertaineth his sweetheart with steam tables.

Verily, though his damsel expecteth chocolates when he calleth.

She openeth the package but to disclose samples of iron ore.

Yea, he holdeth his damsel's hand but to measureth friction thereof.

And he kisseth her only to test the viscosity of her lips.

For in his eyes there shineth a far-away look that is neither

Love nor longing—rather a vain attempt to recall a formula.

There is but one key to his heart, and that is Tau Beta Pi.

When his damsel writeth of love and signeth with crosses, he

Taketh these symbols not for kisses, but rather

For unknown quantities.

Even as a boy he pulleth a girl's hair but to test its elasticity.

But as a man he discovereth different devices; For he counteth the vibrations of her heart-strings; and

He seeketh ever to pursue his scientific investigations even his own heart flutterings he counteth as a vision of beauty, and inscribeth his passion as a formula.

And his marriage is as a simultaneous equation involving two unknowns, and yielding diverse results.

—*The Annapolis Log.*

"Eliza," said a friend of the family to the colored washerwoman, "have you seen Miss Edith's fiance?"

"No, ma'am," she answered; "it aint been in the wash yet."

"Willie," asked the teacher, "what was it that Sir Walter Raleigh said when he placed his cloak on the muddy road for beautiful Queen Elizabeth to walk on?"

Willie, the ultra-modern, gazed around the class room in dismay, then, taking a long chance, answered, "Step on it, kid."

"Does yo' take this woman for your lawfully wedded wife?" asked the colored parson, glancing at the diminutive, water-eyed, bow-legged bridegroom, who stood beside two hundred and ten pounds of feminine assurance.

"Ah takes nuthin'," responded the bridegroom, gloomily, "Ah's being tooked."

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,

After passing of a cloud,

When a fit of laughter gits ye

And ye'r spine is feelin' proud,

Don't forget to up and fling it

At a soul that's feeling blue,

For the minit that ye sling it

It's a boomerang to you.

—*Capt. Jack Crawford.*

Little Willie was sick and it was determined to send him to the hospital. At first he absolutely refused to go, but finally consented, with these words to his mother: "All right, I'll go and take my medicine. But they needn't think they can palm off any baby on me like they did when you wuz there. I want a pup."

An old southern negro was asked by the proprietor of a store how he happened to need credit when he'd had such a good cotton crop.

"De ducks got 'bout all dat cotton, sah," was the mournful reply.

"What do you mean the ducks got it?"

"Well, you see," explained the old man, "I sent dat cotton up to Memphis an' dey deducks the freight, an' dey deducks the storage charges, an' dey deducks the commission, an' dey deducks the taxes—yes, sah, deducks got 'bout all dat cotton an' dat's why I'se here."

—Selected.

"Hoskins, the cook advises me that you were badly intoxicated last night and that you were trying to roll a barrel out of the basement. Can this be true?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And where was I during this time?"

"In the barrel, me lord."